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Princess Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Queen Louise of Prussia.

THE MOTHER OF AN EMPEROR.

Mary McArthur Tuttle.

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LOS ANGELES

The Mother of an Emperor,

Reprints From Pen and Brush

By

Mary McArthur Tuttle.

Jennings & Pye,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Emperor Wilhelm, by W. Camphausen. By permission of Berlin Photographic Company, New York.

Königliches
Hof-Marschall-Amt.

Berlin, den 9 September
1877

Mit Bezug auf unsere Mittheilung vom 21 Juli cur. beehren wir Euer Wohlgeboren ergebenst, von der Absicht gefälligst Kenntniß zu nehmen, daß Sie uns in den Räumen, wo das Königliche Schloß Monbijou stehen und von der auf der hochseligen Königin Louise Majestät sich beziehenden Gegenstände Zeichnungen aufnehmen

Wir wollen Sie ersuchen, diesen Zweck von dem damit beauftragten Schloß-Inspektor Candler in Monbijou gefälligst

Königliches Hofmarschallamt

Ihro Wohlgeboren
Madame Tuttle

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THE permission to make the drawings contained in this collection was procured by my husband through Hon. Nicholas Fish, who was the American Secretary of Legation during the years of our residence in Berlin. Mr. Fish secured from the Hofmarshallamt the rare opportunities which the original letter given opposite explains.

Through the position of my husband, as American historian of Prussia, I was accorded every facility while making these sketches in the Charlottenburg and Monbijou Palaces. As they are the only sketches of the kind I know of, they will serve, I trust, as object-lessons even to advanced students in Prussian history. Two of the most interesting ones were lost in a recent fire while undergoing the electrotype process.

M. McA. T.

Hillsboro, Ohio, February, 1901.

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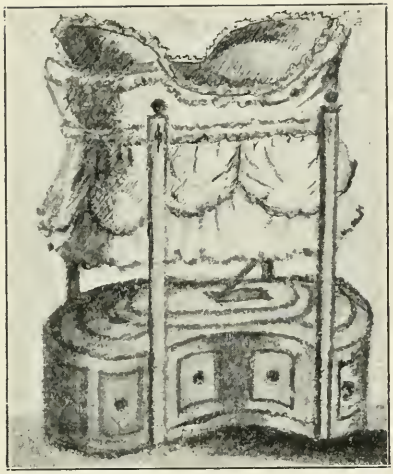


The Cradle of Queen Louise.

Sketch by Mary McArthur Tuttle.

The Mother of an Emperor

MARY M'A. TUTTLE

Chapter I

On a windy March morning considerably over a century ago (1776), in the old city of Hanover (Germany), a beautiful princess was born. She had large blue eyes and golden hair.

The cradle in which they rocked her, when she was large enough to be taken from her mother's arms, was a curiously-designed little affair of dark, rich wood, lined with green silk. The "sky-blue," the baby color of the present age, seems not to have been sought for among her belongings. Her home is in a dark, narrow street, busy with the traffic of an old German city. Her father is not made governor-general of the city until after her birth. To be sure, her aunt is the wife of George III of England, and both she and the king are very partial to the father of our young princess.

When only six years old, and the golden hair was beginning to turn a trifle brown, she and her sisters were taken out of the house very suddenly one day, and when they returned from their walk, they were told that their aunt, the Princess Charlotte, would remain with them for the present; that their mother had been called away.

"O, why does mamma stay away so long?" exclaimed Louise, after her absence had become unendurable to her.

"Be quiet, my child," said her Aunt Charlotte, "you shall soon go to Darmstadt, and then you will find out all about it."

It was some time after the children arrived at Darmstadt that the grand duchess, their grandmother, had the courage to tell them that their mother was dead, and that "Aunt Charlotte" was to become mamma to them. But alas! Mamma Charlotte also died shortly after her marriage, and Prince Karl, robbed thus twice of home ties and domestic life, decided to leave his children permanently with their maternal grandmother in Darmstadt.

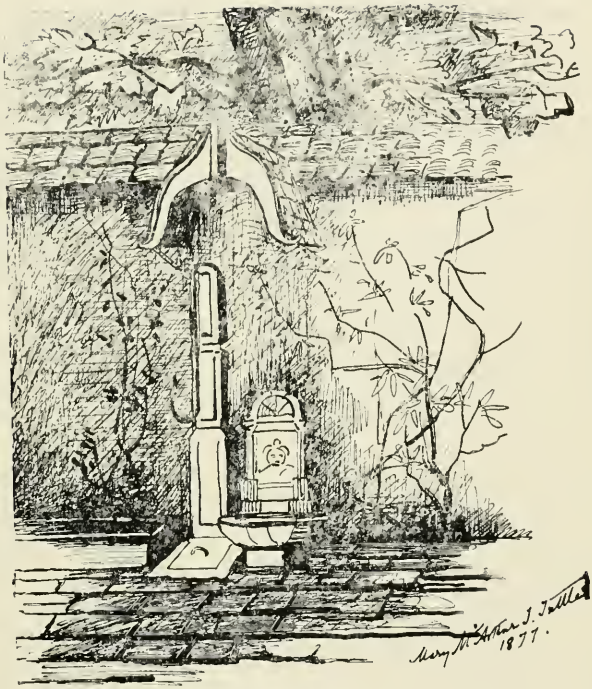
Around the castle at Darmstadt in which the grand duchess lived, their was a royal old garden. Long avenues of trees, grottoes, rustic seats under widespreading trees. Here the children played, and one day little Louise wandered very near a seat where a tall, slender man was sitting. He held his head erect, in fact, a little thrown back, so that his long, flaxen hair and blue eyes were in the full blaze of the sunlight. To the child he looked very beautiful, and she continued to wander around and about the seat, and finally came so near she could see him writing a line, every now and then, on a blank-book, which was opened wide, lying on a rustic table which stood in front of this seat.

This poet, this thinker, scarcely noticed the shadow of the little figure moving so quickly about him. He was intent upon his great drama of "Don Carlos," and all unaware that his future queen played near him, and that one day she would sorrow like a sister because of his death.

Between the year of Louise's birth, 1776, and the year 1790, which we are now approaching in her history, many great events transpiring in the world were comparatively unknown to her. The Assembly of the States-General at Versailles and the storming of the Bastile doubtless she heard of, but that the Declaration of Independence in America was of the date as her birth she probably never knew. The Confederation of States, the Constitution, Washington's inauguration meant very little to a young German princess. But the crowning of a German monarch which event was near at hand signified much of interest and joy.

The Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt was a woman of practical mind, and the young princesses of Mecklenberg were receiving a most substantial education under her roof. She promised them, if they were obedient, she would allow them to go to Frankfort to witness the coronation of the Emperor. Leopold II of Austria would be crowned at Frankfort. It was the year 1790, and Louise was fourteen years old.

As she sat one day, working on a pair of shoes which her grandma said "she must finish before she could go" (these were the same shoes which, Prince Metternich tells us, she wore at the coronation ball the evening he danced with her), she looked up with a beaming smile, and said to the grand duchess, "O grandma, possibly the beautiful



Plastered Court Yard and Pump.
The Goethe House. Frankfort.

French queen, Marie Antoinette, will attend the coronation of the Emperor. I should rather see her than any one on earth."

"O no, my child; that is quite impossible! France is full of excitement, and the king and queen could not leave Paris."

The two young princesses started in company with their Hanoverian relatives in September for Frankfort. Such an occasion in the old capital naturally aroused the wildest enthusiasm. According to custom, and that the festivities should be conducted with proper order and dignity, the city was divided into as many parts as there were electors. Much pomp and rivalry were displayed, the different representatives of the various courts vying with one another. The elector of Hanover held his court in that part of the city known as the Rossmarkt and Grossen Hirschgraben. One of the handsome houses in this part of the city belonged to the mother of the distinguished poet Goethe. This was not the first coronation Frau Räthin had witnessed, nor would it be the last. She wrote to a friend that she was "a prisoner in the house, waiting for the officers to come and tell her whom she should entertain." "But," continues she, "I have always something to do. My son sends me books and papers in abundance."

When it was decided that the two young Darmstadt princesses were to be her guests, she was delighted. Her place for witnessing the ceremony was in a window in the Römer, near the clock, assigned to her out of compliment to her husband's memory, who had been one of the chief magistrates of Frankfort. Yes, this cheerful, gay, winning "Frau Räthin," as she was called, was in a great glee over the arrival of her young guests.

After returning from the exciting scene of the coronation, she and the young princesses went up the highly-polished old stairway in her house, which leads to many rooms, and to an alcove which Goethe, her distinguished son, especially cared for. There the Frau Räthin sat down, almost out of breath from the fatigue and excitement of the day, and looked around on the table for a letter from Wolfgang; "for he certainly has written," she exclaimed, "now that he has failed to come." Finding no letter from her son, whom she justly idolized, she quieted down for awhile from her usual hilarity.

The young princesses stood at the window which overlooks the old plastered court-yard, and said they wanted a drink of water. "Shall we not go," said Louise, "and pump it for ourselves?" and away

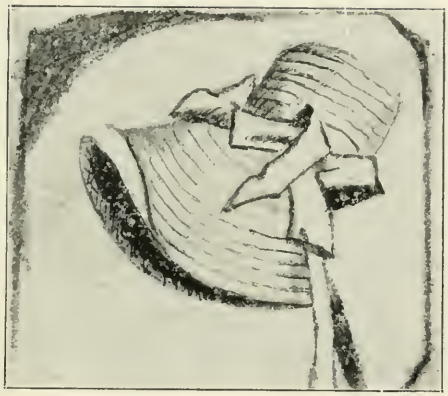
they ran, escaping the notice of Frau Räthin, but alas! not of their governess, who spied the young creatures at their sport, and flew after them in a rage. This angered the dear, old, good-natured Frau Goethe to such a degree, she exclaimed: "Shame on you! I shall lock you up in this room before you shall disturb the dear young creatures. Are they not bound down enough when with the grand duchess by court etiquette? When they are in my house they shall do as they please!"

The Emperor Leopold II of Austria lived only two years after his coronation. His crown was placed upon the head of his son Francis II, and once again the old capital was alive with festivity. A description of this occasion was written by Goethe in his usual wealth of diction and local color.

Louise and her sisters were allowed once more to go to Frankfort, and afterward to attend the ball at Coblentz in honor of the coronation. Prince Metternich writes in his memoirs: "I opened the ball with the young Princess Louise of Mecklenburg, who afterward, as Queen of Prussia, was distinguished for her beauty and noble qualities. She is said to have worn shoes on this occasion made by her own hands." The hair was arranged in a most distinguished style, which certainly increased the splendor of her face. Her full, rosy lips and large, sympathetic eyes attracted admiration throughout her entire life, not only from royalty, but from all who looked upon her; and her magnificent figure, commanding and self-poised, was truly that of a queen.

The winter of this same year—1792-1793—brought an invitation to the young princesses to meet Frederick William II of Prussia at Mainz, where his army was encamped; for Prussia held herself on the defensive during his reign, as she did during the outbreak of the Napoleonic wars.

Goethe tells us that he happened to be in camp at this time, and it was partly for his pleasure that a promenade was arranged for the princesses. When the hour came for their arrival, he says, "I flew to my tent, buckled myself in, and, by peeping through, witnessed the promenade of the royal party." In the excitement and confusion of war scenes, which all were accustomed to, these young creatures seemed like angels going to and fro among the tents. The Crown Prince Frederick and his brother, Ludwig, were equally impressed by them, and found it no effort to fall in love with them.



The Leghorn Bonnet of Queen Louise.

Sketch by Mary McArthur Tuttle.

"She must be the one, or no one on earth," said the crown prince in regard to Louise; and sure enough, on Christmas-day, 1793, Louise gave to Prince Frederick William, in the White Hall of the palace at Berlin, a pledge for life; and the tears which filled her large blue eyes in that hour testified to her sincerity. Happy beyond expression was this young royal pair, realizing little but their own attachment. The reign of terror which had just begun in France, England gone to war, all Europe agitated—these facts had little significance to them just now.

One of the first presents Louise received from her husband was a small phaeton. She greatly preferred to drive out in it instead of ordering the royal carriage with the eight spanned and the body guards. This simplicity of taste rather shocked the ladies in waiting. The prince and princess were altogether "too modest to suit them." ("My single phaeton and iron bedstead," said the late Emperor William, "are hereditary privileges. I have the tastes of my mother.")

The young royal pair became greatly beloved by the people, and many anecdotes are preserved in which they are said to have always had the poor at heart. One morning, a count and a shoemaker happened to be waiting in the anteroom at the same time. "Let the shoemaker come in first," said the crown princess, "he has less time than the count."

Market Scenes in Germany.
Retail Traffic.

Chapter II

The news reached Berlin, on a bitter morning in January, 1793, just about one month from the time of the wedding in the palace, that the King of France had been executed. The following October the beautiful Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, followed her husband on the scaffold. "O, what a revolution!" says Edmund Burke, "and what a heart I must have to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disaster fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers."

The terrible news from France alarmed every crowned head in Europe, and our young crown prince and princess were so saddened by the revolutionary state of affairs that they staid quietly in their palace, and seemed to have little heart for the elegance about them—indeed, court etiquette and court festivities were very irksome to them.

On the 10th of March, which was the birthday of the crown princess, the king desired to celebrate it in a manner which would convince Louise of his real affection for her. For a gift he presented her with a palace at Oranienburg, and then, turning to her, he said: "Louise, have you still a wish in your heart?"

She looked at him with that wonderful charm of countenance which was peculiar to her, and said: "Yes, a handful of money for the poor."

"That depends," said the king, "upon how large the handful is to be."

"As large as the heart of the best of kings," was Louise's prompt reply.

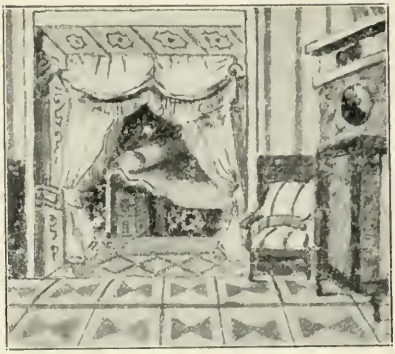
She walked through the markets, leaning on the arm of the crown prince, and distributed money right and left; and the poor old women and the ragged children were overjoyed, not alone with their money, but with the sight of the beautiful crown princess. As this was in March, she may have worn this very leghorn bonnet which is kept among her relics. She is now only seventeen years old, full of simplicity, beauty, and unostentatious in every way. Both she and

the crown prince are truly beloved by the people whom they will, in course of time, reign over.

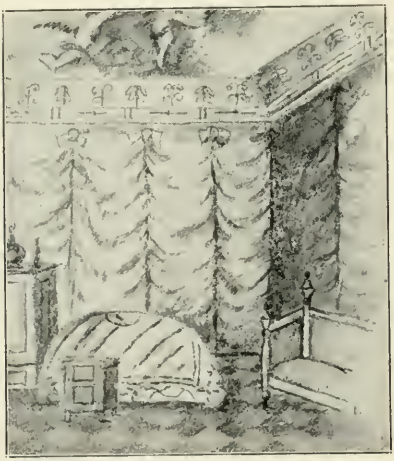
The following year to the one in which Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI were executed, the French had control of all the territory west of the Rhine. The Emperor Francis II was weak and vacillating, as was also our Prussian King Frederick William II. He and the Emperor Francis were anxious to see the French Republic overthrown; but they were also interested in conquests of their own—in other words, they had "two irons in the fire," and were not very successful in looking after either.

Our Prussian king has only three more years to live. If he could have known this, like most mortals, he would have done differently. He determined, however, in the early months of 1795, to withdraw from the coalition of the allied Powers, and made peace with the French Republic at Basle.

In 1796 all Germany east of the Rhine was plundered, overrun by the French troops; the same saw the final victories of Napoleon Bonaparte over the Austrians in Italy, which led to the conclusion of peace by that Power also with France in October, 1797. —— although possibly this is an unfair statement, and the treaty of Campo Formio can be better understood if stated as follows: "The near approach of the French to Vienna induced the Emperor, Francis II, to listen to proposals of peace. An armistice was agreed upon, and a few months afterward the important treaty of Campo Formio was arranged."



The bed room in the Charlottenburg Palace occupied by Napoleon, which Queen Louise refused to enter again.



The room in the Charlottenburg Palace made ready for Queen Louise after Napoleon's departure,

Sketch by Mary McArthur Tuttle.

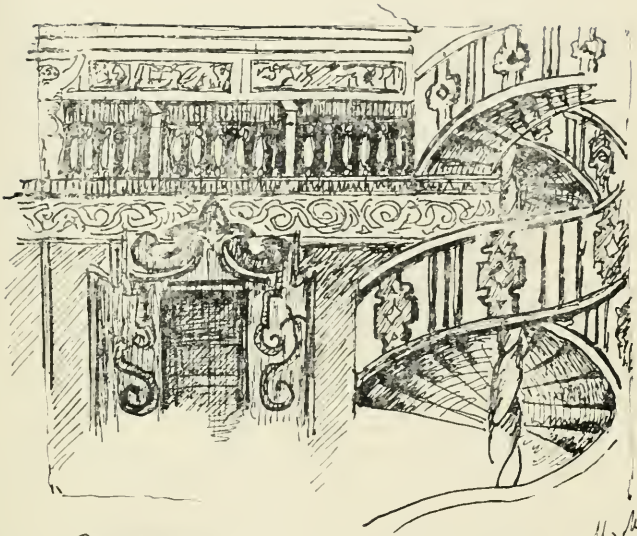
Chapter III

It is the beginning of a new century. Frederick William III and Louise have reigned four years. The Emperor Francis II decides to have peace with France at any cost, and so the fabric of the old German Empire falls to pieces. No more coronations at Frankfort; few more festivities; and [illegible] in Germany, [illegible] for our king and queen.

But behold in 1871 what takes place? Their son William rises up like a giant to create a new German Empire. Could his discouraged parents, Frederick William III and Louise, have had the faith to see in this boy the one who would dispel the gloom and re-establish the glory, the family circle would have been less broken down; but they only knew that Bonaparte had assumed the title of Emperor of the French. Their hopes and ambitions were crushed. Frederick William II had died in 1797, and the young king and his wife Louise were facing a new century full of alarm and trouble.

Louise's sense of indignation showed itself even in small affairs. After Napoleon had occupied her room, during her absence, in the Charlottenburg Palace, the walls, even, had to be rehung, and all made new, and even then she would not again enter it. Another room, with white muslin and pink silk draperies, and the bed, with a green satin quilted comfort thrown over it, is still shown to visitors as the room she afterward called "her own."

It was the policy of Bonaparte to keep Prussia neutral at this time, and Frederick William III was only too willing to play the part of indifference. He was tired out with the continuous fermentation of European politics in which he had known little else from his youth on, and he was a man of domestic habits, satisfied with the joys of his home life and his beloved queen. He was a man of excellent personal qualities; not very energetic, however, nor ambitious, nor especially clear in judgment or intelligence. But Louise, his wife, was not only energetic, but ambitious, and with a just pride and appreciation for the ancestors of her husband and the true dignity of the house of the Hohenzollerns. Prussia takes no part, although England, Austria, and Russia are more than ever determined to lessen the



M. M. A. 1
1876

Danzig - Rathhaus
Wood Carving in Northern Germany

power of Napoleon, the arrogant monarch. Louise warns the king of this weak policy. He simply agrees to give up Anspach-Baireuth to Bavaria, and take Hanover instead, which provokes England, who is Prussia's only friend. The people are growing restless under this policy, and Napoleon gives it to England as an offering of peace. This arouses Frederick William, and instantly he rises to meet France when he must meet her alone. He insults them by taking away Hanover, which had just been forced upon them. Dangerous times for Prussia to assert herself, with no allies but Saxony and Russia; but Frederick William will no longer keep quiet. Louise must now arouse herself, also, and so she accompanies the king to the camp at Weimar. When the battle begins, she leaves the camp for Berlin; but she had scarce reached the gates when a messenger overtook her, saying, "All is lost"

On the 26th of October the royal family had to flee to Königsburg, the farthest outpost of the kingdom. They soon learned that Berlin and Magdeburg and all was lost, in a campaign lasting not much more than ten days.

In July, 1807, the Emperor of Russia, Alexander, and Napoleon met on a raft in the river Niemen. There they agreed upon terms of peace. Alexander pleaded for Prussia, but Napoleon was arrogantly unreasonable. Alexander told Frederick William perhaps the presence of the queen would soften Napoleon's feelings, and so the proud queen, the beautiful woman whom he had slandered, had to wait at Tilsit for an interview—to meet Napoleon, the man for whom she had untold bitterness in her heart. He, with characteristic abruptness, not caring for her crushed pride nor her days of exile, said: "How could you think of making war upon me?"

Scarcely able to control her voice, she replied: "Sire, we were mistaken in our resources, in our calculations."

"And you trusted in Frederick's fame, and deceived yourselves?" said Napoleon.

The queen allowed her ingenuous countenance to beam on Napoleon as she again answered him:

"Sire, in the strength of the great Frederick's fame, we may be excused for having been mistaken with respect to our power and means at our command, if, indeed, we have been entirely mistaken."

One of the famous artists of Germany has represented her in this dignified moment, as she descends the stairs to meet Napoleon.

M. A. S. 1876

House fronts in Danzig.

Photograph by Courtesy of the
Open Court Magazine Co., Chicago.

Napoleon was impressed. He told Talleyrand: "I knew I should see a beautiful woman, and a queen with dignified manners, but I found the most admirable queen and, at the same time, the most interesting woman I have ever seen." She wore, on this occasion, a white crepe dress, richly embroidered in silk, which attracted Napoleon's eye.

"Is it crepe? India gauze?" said he, touching the fine material.

"Shall we speak of such light things at a moment like this?" said Louise.

Napoleon turned a deaf ear to her pleadings for her country, their throne, and their children, for he cared nothing for her crushed pride nor her days of exile. Never in his career did he show less heart than in that interview at Tilsit.

The royal ones returned to their sad abode at Königsburg, the only place left them on Prussian soil, where they had already endured so much exposure.

"Let us be steady and patient, and wait, and God will help us," said the king. But not until 1809 were they helped back to their kingdom. Louise was anxious to visit her father's house the following year. There she died, like a queen, beautiful, beloved, angelic even to the last hours.

She had said during her life she did not care to belong to the spirited, highly intellectual heroines who spend their lives outside of woman's sphere. She felt herself drawn, not so much to the character of Sophia Charlotte, her great predecessor on the throne of Prussia, as to the wife of the great Elector, the pious Louise of Orange, the similarity to whose name was a great pleasure to her. But her own account of herself is possibly not so true a picture of her as we get from other sources. Prince Metternich, who danced with her at the ball at Coblentz, says, in his "Memoirs:" "Eleven years had passed since I had seen the queen. I found her surrounded by a true halo of beauty and dignity. Queen Louise was endowed with the rarest qualities. She did not excel in what is commonly called esprit, but she possessed a refined tact and strength of mind, for the exercise of which, in a few years, she had only too many opportunities. It would be difficult to describe the dignity and grace of her bearing or the impression of sweetness and tenderness her manners made."

But the beautiful Louise, whom we have admired as a child, as a young girl or a crown princess of seventeen, and as a queen, is now

M. M. A. T.

The Lovise Island
Thier Garten. Berlin.

about to leave the world, a broken-hearted woman, not knowing even that her struggles and her forbearance would stand as a saintly example to the nation. It is the year 1810, and she is dying. The splendid victory at Leipsic has n't yet been won, nor has the Te Deum over the decisive battle at Waterloo been sung.

The women of Berlin, three years after her death, gave their gold ornaments for the benefit of their country, and received, in place of them, iron in like patterns, which are shown as sacred relics in Germany to this day.

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